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FOREWORD

The BULLETIN-MOUND

It being a time of conservation and changes, the students of the Normal have decided to make a change in the yearly publication. Thus it happens that we have a "Bulletin-Mound."

The publication of this year will not be as expensive as the "Mounds" of previous years, but the fact that it is not expensive will not interfere with the quality of the book.

As the "Bulletin-Mound" suggests, it is a combination of the features appearing in both the "Bulletin" and the "Mound."

The business management of the Bulletin-Mound wish to express their sincere appreciation to all persons and business organizations who have assisted us by advertising or by donations. Except for their kindness our publication could not have been issued.

In addition to our regular advertisers we especially extend our thanks to the following:

Jacobs-Hutchinson Hardware Co.
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The West Virginian
The Fairmont Times
Fairmont State Bank

And all others who have contributed financially or otherwise to the success of the Bulletin-Mound.

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

WILLIAM EMMET BUCKEY

A FRIEND INDEED

"A friend in need is a friend indeed" may be well applied to our friend Mr. William E. Buckey.

Mr. Buckey had taught in the village and rural schools previous to coming to Fairmont State Normal, from which he was graduated in nineteen hundred and twelve.

The following school term Mr. Buckey was sixth grade critic teacher in the Butcher School, which is the model school. With the school term of nineteen hundred and thirteen Mr. Buckey was made principal of the training school, which position he is still holding.

Since graduating he has spent one term at the University of Pennsylvania, and is now pursuing a course at the West Virginia University. He has also taken extension courses at different times.

Since Mr. Buckey is a graduate of the Normal he takes great interest in the students of the school, especially in the seniors who take training under his supervision. The students who go there for training soon find not merely a critic, but a considerate and sincere friend in Mr. Buckey.

The senior classes of the Fairmont State Normal School take great pride in dedicating this number of the "Bulletin-Mound" to Mr. William Emmet Buckey.

11588

PRESIDENT ROSIER

MR. JOSEPH ROSIER, A. M.

Teacher in a village school in Harrison county, superintendent of schools in the Salem public schools, county superintendent in Harrison, teacher in Glenville Normal and in Fairmont Normal, for fifteen years superintendent of the city schools of Fairmont, and now and for the past five years president of the Fairmont State Normal School—this is an outline of Joseph Rosier's career.

But such a statement ignores the years of striving for an education, of struggling for advancement, of zealous study of men and books, of hard work and success. A steady but gradual advance up the hill, a continuous enrichment from year to year, all this explains in part the signal success that has marked President Rosier's career.

In the five years that Mr. Rosier has been head of the Normal School, the Normal School has advanced rapidly, more rapidly perhaps than at any other period in its history. The splendid new building has been erected and appropriations for a new dormitory have come during this five years. The faculty has been enlarged and improved, the course of study made more modern and progressive, and the normal school idea worked out more perfectly. If at the present time Fairmont Normal stands at the head of the Normal schools of the state as a teacher training institution, it is because Mr. Rosier has wisely guided the school along a predetermined path. Foreseeing and patient, but energetic and progressive, President Rosier has been an ideal guide. Teachers and students alike hold him high in respect, admiration and affection.

FACULTY 1918-'19

FACULTY

JOSEPH ROSIER, A. M.
President of the Normal, Instructor in School Management and Supervision.

WALTER BARNES, A. M.
Assistant to the President, Head of Extension Department and English Department, Instructor in Methods of English.

FRANCIS SHREVE, A. M.
Head of Education Department, Instructor in Psychology and History and Principles of Education.
(Absent on leave second semester.)

E. L. LIVELY, B. S. AGR.
Director of Short Course, Instructor in Agriculture.

INEZ M. JOHNSON
Instructor in Elementary School Methods.

JESSIE B. ICE
Training School Supervisor.

FRANK S. WHITE, A. B.
Instructor in Short Course Education.

H. J. MCGINNIS, S. C.
Instructor in Rural Education, Registrar.

MORRIS K. TURNER, PH. D.
Head of History Department, Instructor in Methods in History.

DORCAS PRICHARD, A. B.
Dean of Women, Instructor in History.
(On leave of absence.) GETTING MARRIED AND SETTLED

HAROLD F. ROGERS, A. M.
Instructor in Chemistry and Physics.
(Assisting at W. V. U. 1918-19.)

LAURA F. LEWIS, A. M.
Instructor in English.

MRS. N. R. C. MORROW, A. M.
Instructor in English.

E. E. MERCER, A. B.
Instructor in English.

ETHEL ICE, A. B.
Instructor in French, Acting Dean of Women.

HARRIETT CHAPPELL
Instructor in Domestic Art and Science.

LAURA BRIGGS
Instructor in Drawing, Methods in Drawing.

HARRIETT SCHROEDER
Instructor in Vocal Music, Methods in Music

RACHEL TOIVONEN
Instructor in Physical Education, Methods in Physical Education.

MRS. EMORY F. MCKINNEY
Librarian.

AMY ROGERS RICE
Instructor in Piano.

MRS. ALLEDA SNYDER
Preceptress in Dormitory.

MRS. JANE CONKLIN ASHCRAFT
Secretary.

SENIOR NORMAL CLASS

SENIOR NORMAL CLASS

MOTTO:
"Pep."

FLOWER:
Violet.

COLORS:
Purple and Gold.

CLASS OFFICERS:

President	Madge Clovis
Vice President	June Lilly
Secretary	Margaret Barr King
Treasurer	Ethel Lee
Music Director	Helen Rogers
Class Poet	Lucille Henry
Historian	Mildred Harvey

CLASS ROLL:

Bartlett, Christine	Shinnston, W. Va.	Lilly, June	Bluefield, W. Va.
Bennett, Gladys	Fairmont, W. Va.	Miller, Margaret	McMechen, W. Va.
Church, Jessie	Fairmont, W. Va	McGranahan, Virginia	Wheeling, W. Va.
Clovis, Madge	St. Marys, W. Va.	Pell, Laura	Fairmont, W. Va.
Fisher, Lucile	Fairmont, W. Va.	Preston, Bessie	Fairmont, W. Va.
Frum, Marie	Fairmont, W. Va.	Preston, Mearle	Fairmont, W. Va.
Gaskin, Catherine	Monongah, W. Va.	Price, Amanda	Farmington, W. Va.
Hagerty, Josephine	Farmington, W. Va.	Poling, Zella	Parsons, W. Va.
Harvey, Mildred	Fairmont, W. Va.	Ridgway, Jessie	Barracksville, W. Va.
Henry, Lucille	Fairmont, W. Va.	Rogers, Helen	Moundsville, W. Va.
Kemper, Freda	Morgantown, W. Va.	Romano, Mary	Fairmont, W. Va
King, Margaret Barr	Fairmont, W. Va.	Robinson, Virginia	Monongah, W. Va.
Lee, Ethel	Fairmont, W. Va.	Sapper, Irma	Fairmont, W. Va.

CLASS HISTORY

"All beginnings are difficult."

The class of 1919 soon after their entrance into the Fairmont State Normal School in September, 1917, discovered the truth of this familiar proverb.

The class was small, numbering only thirty-one members, and this number was destined to be still further reduced by the war, which left only the feminine contingent of twenty-three to complete the course. This is a very remarkable circumstance, as it is the first time in the history of the normal school that there have not been male members to add variety to the class.

For the class motto, a small word of great meaning was selected "PEP," which to us in those strenuous times signified Patience, Energy, and Perseverance. These desirable qualities characterized the entire class in all of its varied activities.

A large measure of the success attained by the class may be attributed to the ability and diligence of its popular class officers, Professors Turner, Shreve, and Barnes, who deserve great credit for their tireless and well directed efforts.

And when we receive our diplomas in June as a testimony of the satisfactory completion of our studies, we shall pass out into the broader field of life and endeavor by profitable and serviceable careers to reflect credit upon our Alma Mater.

MILDRED L. HARVEY.

WALTER BARNES, A. M.

Class Adviser for Senior Normals.

The Senior Normal Class congratulates itself on having as its Class Officer a person so broad-minded and so worthy of honor and respect as Mr. Walter Barnes. To each of us he has been, and ever will be, an inspiration for bigger and better things.

If, in future years, our bits of service in life will have helped to put lighted candles in darkened corners, let the laurel wreath crown not only the members of the Senior Normal Class, but also our highly esteemed Class Officer, Mr. Barnes.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE CLASS

CLASS MOTTO:

Do the best you can with what you have where you are.

CLASS FLOWER:

Maize and Blue.

CLASS FLOWER:

The Margarite.

CLASS OFFICERS:

Faculty Adviser	E. L. Lively
President	Lucille Hamilton
Vice President	Kate Leaman
Secretary and Treasurer	Ida Smith
Class Poet	Lucille Hamilton
Class Historian	Beatrice Hall

CLASS ROLL:

Lenore Berry	Wyatt, W. Va.	Kate Leaman	Fairmont, W. Va.
Opal Findley	Gem, W. Va.	Emma Milstead	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Lacy Neva Gardiner	Paden City, W. Va.	Elizabeth Post	Baxter, W. Va.
Lucile Hamilton	Fairmont, W. Va.	Susan Queen	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Beatrice Hall	Fairmont, W. Va.	Iva Jean Romine	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Mary Margaret Hess	Wyatt, W. Va.	Ida Smith	Fairmont, W. Va.
Ethel Mary Heston	Opekiska, W. Va.	Ruth Weaver	Fairview, W. Va.
Marjorie V. Lynn	Benton's Ferry, W. Va.	Ada Wagner	Grafton, W. Va.

CLASS SONG

(To tune of "Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie Melody.")

We're the Short Course Seniors of the
Fairmont Normal School.
We're steadfast, always pass,
And we never break a rule.
With Maize and Blue our colors true,
What else but good things could we do?
We've got some good class spirit,
And then our motto: Why—you just should hear it!
Full of song and full of pep, we're glad
The whole day thru;
And when we work never shirk, no matter what we do.
There is no other class that stands above her.
The Senior Short Course Class—Oh, how we love her!
Three cheers for the class of nineteen
Of the Fairmont Normal School.

W. LUCILLE HAMILTON, '19.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE CLASS

CLASS HISTORY

"Hep, Hep, Forward March."

In the fall of nine-teen-eighteen, twenty-two bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maidens enlisted as privates in the famous Senior Short Course Regiment which is stationed at the Fairmont Normal School.

Soon they were organized with Captain Lively at the head, who has led them thru one year of hard training, which has enabled them to become strong and capable of teaching others how to win the battles of life.

Lieutenant White has aided them in overcoming their three great enemies, "Principles of Teaching," "Principles of Education," and "School Management." Under the direction of Sergeant Johnson they have received the methods of dealing with these enemies. Corporal Ice has inflicted upon them just punishment when they became unruly or disobeyed the rules of the camp.

Do not think that the Senior Short Course Regiment has no time for social enjoyment, for they do. Early in the year they organized a Literary Society which met once every two weeks in Lyceum Hall. A special program was given, followed by a social hour, and refreshments and announcements by Captain Lively. Another event was a party given by the officers of the Regiment on the evening of February 27th. All the members and officers of the regiment and their friends were present, also officers from other regiments in the same camp.

The soldiers of the Senior Short Course Regiment are looking forward to receiving their honorable discharges in June. They hope that after they are gone from the Fairmont State Normal School Camp, Captain Lively and all other officials will think of them as having been one of the bravest and best regiments that was ever stationed at the Fairmont State Normal School Camp.

BEATRICE HALL, Class Historian.

THE PLANTING OF A TREE

It stands there on the sloping hillside, just below the driveway that leads to the Normal School, and just above the street. It is the emblem of a splendid Class which will soon be gone, but not forgotten.

As we placed it there on the fifth of May, and as each member of the class carefully put a shovel of soil over its sturdy roots, our Class President gave an inspiring little talk. When the last shovel of soil was placed, the clouds above opened and rain poured down upon our little tree. The brown branches glistened with raindrops. We felt that He, too, was with us in the planting of our tree. We thought of the future years when we should return and find the tree we had planted, swaying in the breeze, a scarlet thing of beauty, furnishing a snug home for the feathered folk and a welcome shade for the dusty wayfarer.

Although it will not be as sturdy as the oak, or as graceful as the willow, it will be a tree of marked beauty. It is a species of the Norway Maple, which is grown so extensively in Europe. It sometimes reaches the height of one hundred feet, and has a round spreading head. It is used extensively as a shade tree. In the years to come it will be very attractive, a scarlet spot against a green hillside, for unlike most trees its foliage is strongly tinged with red. Even as I write this, a few weeks after the planting, tiny red buds are beginning to appear on its brown branches.

It is the sincere wish of the Short Course Class, that our little tree will not only serve to beautify the grounds on which the New Normal is placed, but that it may serve to inspire, to give joy and comfort to all those who may pass its way. We hope that we, the Short Course Class, will be as quick to answer the call of service as our maple tree. May we give comfort and pleasure and inspiration to those about us and spread our branches forth and give to the hungry world the joy for which it thirsts, even as the little tree beautifies the grounds, gives shade to the weary traveler and a home for the friendly birds. Long Live Our Short Course Tree!

E. L. LIVELY, B. S. AGR.

Class Officer.

Mr. Lively is a native of West Virginia, and was born in Fayette County. He attended the public schools of Fayetteville Academy. After graduating from here he attended Marshall College, from which institution he graduated in 1906. Mr. Lively as a student was very ambitious, and during his college days earned money for his education by working on a farm, and in a coal mine.

In 1912 Mr. Lively graduated from West Virginia University, from which institution he expects to receive his master's degree this summer.

He was principal of public schools at Sun, Fayette County, for four years, and of the Friendly public schools for three years. Later he was a teacher in Nicholas and Tyler County High Schools.

In March, 1912, Mr. Lively came to Fairmont Normal, and has been here ever since at the head of the Agriculture Department. In addition to his agricultural work, he is a class adviser of the Senior Short Course Class, manager of the Normal School Lecture Course, and Faculty Business Manager of the Normal Bulletin.

The Senior Short Course Class is proud to have had Mr. Lively for their class adviser, and when they go out to teach they will always feel, as all alumni do, that they have a faithful friend back at Fairmont Normal School.

SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS

CLASS MOTTO:
Quality not Quantity

CLASS COLORS:
Old Rose and Silver.

CLASS FLOWER:
Sunburst Rose

CLASS ROLL:

Sarah Stephenson, Presient	Weston, W. Va.
Ruth Musgrove, Vice-Pres.	Fairmont, W. Va.
Emma Parke, Sec.-Treas.	Blacksville, W. Va.
Nellie Hawkins	Fairmont, W. Va.
Ruth Ross	Fairmont, W. Va.
Charles H. Conway	Morgantown, W. Va.

CLASS SONG:
The Noble Six

(Tune of "Till We Meet Again")

There's a class in this school of small number,
Of quality not quantity, you see.
Sure it is not often said
That we're light in the head,
And famous we're all sure to be.

Sarah, Ruth, Emma, Ruth, Nellie, Charlie,
The noblest of students you see.
And tho lacking in boys
We're not short of joys,
This *quality* class of nineteen.

CHORUS:

The noble six we now present to you,
And we're about to say our last adieu.
Tho we're few, we're not so small;
And we're loyal, loyal, all;
We'll sing your praises all the wide world o'er
And we'll bring good luck right to your door.
We are the class of two plus four,—
Senior Ac's, you see.

SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS HISTORY

The date, September 10th, 1918, determined that the number of the Senior Academic Class was to be only six. It was then we decided that we must make up in quality what we lack in quantity, and we chose "Quality not Quantity," as our motto.

There are reasons for our class' being limited to this small number. Some of our former members were called to take their places in the ranks of the great world war, while others left school to take the places made vacant by those who were with the colors. Still others left at the beginning of their senior year to join the short course class to prepare for immediate service in teaching.

Although our class is small in number one can not accuse us of taking a small part in affairs, e'ther in school or out. Three of our number have been successful teachers, and one of these three has been secretary of the rural section of the State Educational Association. One of our class has been president of the Y. W. C. A. and a delegate from this organization to its summer conference at Eagle's Mere, while others of our number have been cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. Also the secretary-treasurer of the student body and two members of the Mound board were chosen from our class. One of the two highest average grades made by the members of the three senior classes was made by a member of our class. Part of our number have taken active part in the athletics of the school, and the whole class took part in the Shakespearean play presented in Chapel.

But now our school days at F. S. N. S. will soon be over. We shall go to other schools for training along our chosen vocations. As we think back on our school days we shall have pleasant memories associated with them. We shall also think of our loyal class officer, Miss Ethel Ice, who was ever ready to help us when called upon, and it is partly due to her that we have had such success.

Now that we must soon leave this school we shall not forget our motto, but carry it on through life, so that our Alma Mater will never have occasion to be ashamed of her small class of '19.

E. M. P.-'19.

SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS

ETHEL ICE, A. B.
Class Adviser and Dean of Women.

SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS POEM

Come join hands and sing with me
The praises of the best of classes,
Which is composed of just one boy
And five bright, jolly, happy lasses.

Tho we are few in number
I'm sure you will agree
There never was a better class,
And few as fine as we.

We go about our work each day
With a quiet determination
That we will always do our best
And try to shun temptation.

And when the time has come, at last,
When here our work is ended,
Sadness, pride, and happiness
In our hearts will all be blended.

For we have loved our dear old school—
Yes, we have loved it dearly—
And when we turn our faces hence
You'll see our grief clearly.

But we'll not grieve so very long,
For life is not for grieving;
But rather making others glad,
True joy in turn receiving.

And could it be that we should fail
With such a happy creed?
No, I am sure you all will see
That in each deed we will succeed.

RUTH MUSGROVE, '19.

JUNIOR NORMAL CLASS

JUNIOR NORMAL CLASS

CLASS COLORS:
Red and Black.

CLASS FLOWER:
Red Rose.

CLASS MOTTO:
Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

CLASS OFFICERS:

President	Mildred Mapel
Vice President	Pauline Reed
Secretary	Margaret Cowan
Treasurer	Lydia Hall
Faculty Adviser	Morris K. Turner

CLASS ROLL:

Grayce Amos, Farmington, W. Va.	The only Junior who can make a good impression on the "man" of our class.
Shelagh Baker, Monongah, W. Va.	Small but mighty is this bright lassie.
Adine Bing, Laurel, Neb.	Merry and blithe as the lark is she.
Mildred Boggess, Parkersburg, W. Va.	Duty before pleasure.
Flossie Brownlee, Fairmont, W. Va.	Truly a combination of ambition and cheerfulness.
Edith Clovis, St. Mary's, W. Va.	Lively, witty, and full of fun.
Marie Copenhaver, Wallace, W. Va.	Marie is blessed with an unusual amount of beauty.
Margaret Cowan, Fairview, W. Va.	Serious, sincere, and sweet.
Mary Creighton, Fairmont, W. Va.	If it's French, ask Mary.
Lois Davisson, Fairmont, W. Va.	Lois' middle name is "Good Time."
Martha Frum, Fairmont W. Va.	Martha is ever on hand when help is needed.
Dorothea Giles, Fairmont, W. Va.	This girl is especially fond of Agriculture because it has a a chapter on "Timothy."
Lydia Hall, Lost Creek, W. Va.	Everyone who knows Lydia says she is our prize student.
Carrie Hawkins, Fairmont, W. Va.	When it comes to literary talent who can beat Carrie?
Lillian Johnson, Mannington, W. Va.	A new but very much appreciated member of the Junior Class.
Mildred Mapel, Fairmont, W. Va.	Here is a girl who has not one talent but ten. She especially likes to use them in helping others.
Velma Mayne, Enterprise, W. Va.	We are sure this comely brown-eyed maiden will make a successful teacher (or housekeeper either).
Walter McIntire, Fairmont, W. Va.	"A rose among thorns (?)"
Blanche McMillan, Clarksburg, W. Va.	A good example of grace and dignity.
Nettie Morgan, Fairmont, W. Va.	In size a wee bit, Full of humor and wit.
Marie Morris, Fairmont, W. Va.	Did you ever see Marie without a smile?
Grace Powell, Blacksville, W. Va.	Her very silence tells us that her thoughts are deep.
Pauline Reed, Fairmont, W. Va.	No matter whether it's a salad or a solo, Pauline is equal to the occasion.
Lucy Rex, Broomfield, W. Va.	When she sings all stop to listen.
Marie Rice, Rivesville, W. Va.	Marie is seldom seen without Grayce.
Phyllis Shriver, Fairmont, W. Va.	Phillys' hobby is letter writing.
Louise Snider, Fairmont, W. Va.	"All aboard" for a good time.
Sylvia Swisher, Monongah, W. Va.	Very quiet and studious.
Edna Tarleton, Watson, W. Va.	Impossible it is for us to tell Of the charms of this girl we love so well.
Mable Vogan, Mannington, W. Va.	A pretty girl that we are proud to claim.

THE JUNIOR NORMAL EXPLORERS

We find by reading our histories that explorers have many trials and tribulations but generally in the end accomplish some great deed. Now, it so happens that on Sept. 11, 1918, twenty seven young women met at the Fairmont Normal School, where we started on an exploration of the country, known as Teaching. We were all green as to the mountains and other difficulties we would meet, so we were given a guide (Dr. Turner). He mapped out all of the deserts, rivers, and mountains, we would have to pass over, and some that we could explore if we wished.

During the first half of the year, we explored the Great Desert "How to Study." We found many wonderful articles here that we never dreamed of being in the land of teaching. One of the most famous rivers, that we explored was the great "Psychology of Human Nature." We found this river to be very deep and also to contain many fish. Some of these fish we never heard of before, for example, Instincts.

One night while out exploring we decided to call all of our explorers in and have a merry time (Junior Normal party). We had several games, told stories and sang some of the old love songs. We had quite a bit of fun which stimulated us for further exploration.

Each day as we traveled along, we gained new knowledge about this wonderful country known as teaching. We were greatly surprised to learn on February the tenth that we had been exploring four and one-half months, also that we had accumulated so much knowledge.

We had four and one-half months more before we would return to our homes, for a short time. Our guide told us that in order to learn more knowledge about "Teaching" we would have to explore the "Great Vaticans"' Psychology of Thinking," and the mountain "General Methods." We have put in four and one-half months exploring these great places of interest, but find that we need more time to learn more about them.

We had quite a jolly time during this part of our exploration even though we did have to explore the fire-spitting volcano, "Psychology of Thinking." During the first half of our trip we met a group of explorers who called themselves the Seniors. They wished to show how they appreciated us, so one evening they gave us a very delightful entertainment. A little later we wished to return the appreciation, so we invited them over to our camp. We had quite jolly times together during the rest of the season. We regret very much that they will not be with us next year.

We hope that we are thoroughly familiar with the section of Teaching that we have explored. Next fall this same party is going to explore some more of the wonderful country that we have been telling you about. We hope that by June 1920 we will have a very good knowledge of the Great Land of Teaching.

C. H.-'20.

JUNIOR ACADEMIC CLASS

CLASS MOTTO:
We Can Because We Think We Can.
CLASS COLORS:
Lavender and Gold.
CLASS FLOWER:
Lilac.

OFFICERS:

President ..... Georgia Dye
Vice President ..... William Welch
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Marie Berry

CLASS ROLL:

Marie Berry, Wyatt, W. Va. ..... A good musician? Well I should say;
Everyone listens when she starts to play.

Edna Lee Clovis, Burton, W. Va. ..... Though Edna's little, she's very wise,
And the work she can do doesn't depend on her size.

Grace Cunningham, Wheeling, W. Va. ..... To be a nurse is her highest aim,
And in this profession we wish her fame.

Georgia Douglas, Lost Creek, W. Va. ..... Very sedate and very bright
She always studies with all her might.

Ruth Douglas, Lost Creek, W. Va. ..... Although to school she came quite late,
When the school term ends she'll be up-to-date.

Georgia E. Dye, Minerals Wells, W. Va. ..... Georgia's our president and a good one, too;
To each of her duties she's always been true.

Dessie Goodwin, Fairmont, W. Va. ..... "Off again—on again; gone again—Flanagan."
This very well applies to Dessie's school record.

Madeline Ingle, Mannington, W. Va. ..... Fond of play but not of work.
Where there's study she doesn't shirk.

Ruth Shough, Hundred, W. Va. ..... Bright and studious, happy and gay,
Loyal and true all the day.

Dennis Vaughn, Willow Bend, W. Va. ..... This is Dennis, better known as Jim.
In future years, we shall hear of him.

Gladys Watkins, Hoult, W. Va. ..... Gladys is her name, to study is her aim,
She's not very large, but she's mighty just the same.

William H. Welch, Fairmont, W. Va. ..... William the chivalrous, William the brave.
It is about William, that all the girls rave.

JUNIOR AND SOPHOMORE ACADEMIC CLASSES

SOPHOMORE CLASS

CLASS MOTTO:
Carry On.
CLASS COLORS:
Green and White.
CLASS FLOWER:
Pink Rose.

OFFICERS:

President ..... Patrick J. Fahey
Vice President ..... Louis Giffin
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Lethitia Bothwell
Social Chairman ..... Phyllis Kidder Lott

CLASS ROLL:

Marcus Allen ..... Center Point, W. Va.
Pearl Ammons ..... West Alexander, Pa.
Letitia Bothwell ..... Lowesville, W. Va.
Tusca Clelland ..... Catawba, W. Va.
Elva Dunham ..... Bridgeport, W. Va.
Charlie C. Durrett ..... Kingmont, W. Va.
Patrick J. Fahey ..... Fink, W. Va.
Louis Giffin ..... Fairmont, W. Va.
Oliver Gumm ..... Frametown, W. Va.
Agatha Hamrick ..... Cloverlick, W. Va.
Dortha Hamrick ..... Cloverlick, W. Va.
Stella Heflin ..... Pennsboro, W. Va.
Jessie Hoover ..... Hoover, W. Va.
Phyllis Kidder Lott ..... Jenkins, Ky.
Elizabeth Lowther ..... Pike, W. Va.
Mrs. Evlyn Michael ..... Mannington, W. Va.
Irene Millan ..... Worthington, W. Va.
Clarice Riffe ..... Ravenswood, W. Va.
Nellie Rosencrance ..... Beverly, W. Va.
Heschel K. Rust ..... Fairmont, W. Va.
Virginia Say ..... Finch, W. Va.
Nettie May Stalnaker ..... Horner, W. Va.
W. Odis Stalnaker ..... Horner, W. Va.
Christine Summers ..... Burnt-House, W. Va.
Arban Tarleton ..... Watson, W. Va.
Tim Vandergrift ..... Colfax, W. Va.

THE CLASS OF' 21

We're the class of '21.
Now Sophomore is our name,
And we know in future years
Some will win great fame.

Twenty-six is our number,
And of it we are quite proud.
Sure we are all good workers
Though we are a jolly crowd.

"Carry On," is our motto;
To it we will be true.
Though our tasks are many,
There is nothing we can't do.

We may not all be teachers,
Yet in the course of time
We will carry on to others
Knowledge and truth sublime.

—JESSIE HOOVER.

THE Y. W. C. A.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS—1918-'19

Faculty Adviser	Ethel Ice
President	Ruth Ross
Vice President	Mildred Mapel
Secretary	Ruth Musgrove
Treasurer	Ethel Heston

OFFICERS—1919-20

President	Mildred Maple
Vice President	Edna Tarleton
Secretary	Nettie Morgan
Treasurer	Lydia Hall

MEMBERS:

Grace Amos	Carrie Hawkins	Amanda Price
Shelagh Baker	Lucille Henry	Bessie Preston
Marie Berry	Ethel Heston	Susan Queen
Lenore Bery	Mary Hess	Ruth Ross
Adine Bing	Freda Kemper	Helen Rogers
Letitia Bothwell	June Lilly	Mary Romano
Marie Copenhaver	Ethel Lee	Pauline Reed
Jessie Church	Phyllis Lott	Jessie Ridgway
Ruth Douglas	Mildred Mapel	Nellie Rosencrance
Georgia Dye	Nettie Morgan	Louise Snyder
Martha Frum	Ruth Musgrove	Ruth Shough
Pearl Frankhouser	Emma Parke	Christine Summers
Dessie Goodwin	Laura Pell	Edna Tarleton
Lucille Hamilton	Elizabeth Post	Mabel Vogan
Lydia Hall	Grace Powell	Gladys Watkins

THE JOHNSON STORY-TELLING CLUB

J. S. T. C.

OFFICERS:

President	Madge Clovis
Vice President	Lucille Henry
Secretary	Amanda Price
Treasurer	Mildred Harvey
Critic	Lucille Henry

PROGRAM COMMITTEE:

Jessie Ridgway
Mearle Preston
Ethel Heston

MEMBERS:

Shelagh Baker
Gladys Bennett
Marie Berry
Lenore Berry
Adine Bing
Flossie Brownlee
Louise Burns
Madge Clovis
Edith Clovis
Tusca Clelland
Mary Creighton
Lois Davisson
Ruth Douglas
Georgia Douglas
Georgia Dye
Lucille Fisher
Marie Frum
Pearl Fankhouser
Dorothea Giles
Iven Gilland
Catharine Gaskins
Lucy Gardner
Mildred Harvey
Lucille Henry
Mary Hess
Ethel Heston
Lucille Hamilton
Carrie Hawkins
Miss Inez Johnson
Freda Kemper
Margaret Barr King
Kate Leaman
Ethel Lee
Phillis Lott
Emma Milstead
Helen Manly
Virginia McGranahan
Laura Bell Pell
Bessie Lee Preston
Mearle Preston
Amanda Price
Susan Queen
Jessie Ridgway
Virginia Robinson
Helen Rogers
Mary Romano
Ada Wagner
William Welch
Ruth Weaver

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Miss Lucas
Mr. Francis Shreve
Miss Weyman
Miss Satterfield
Mrs. Thomas Ashcraft

JOHNSON STORY-TELLING CLUB.

Children love stories. A good teacher will know many stories and know them well. The value of story-telling was realized in our Normal school about five years ago when a club was organized under the guidance of Miss Inez Johnson.

This year the club has been very active and rewards for its labors can be easily seen. Meetings were held every Monday night, with few exceptions, and very entertaining programs were given. The stories were divided into different groups, so that at one time the program would consist of animal stories, again of humorous stories, mythology stories, or miscellaneous programs with special features.

Two Junior Story-Telling Clubs have been organized; one in the East Side School under Miss Daisy Watkins, and the other, in the Butcher School. These boys and girls were the guests of the J. S. T. C. many times this year. Besides this work members of the J. S. T. C. have provided entertainment at many of the chapel exercises in the public schools.

The club closed its successful year with a marshmallow and wiener roast held on Monday night, May twenty-sixth.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYERS

THE PLAY

The chapel program of February 27th consisted of the presentation of two scenes from the Merchant of Venice, viz: That between Launcelot Gobbo and his father at the court scene. The following students made up the cast:

Old Gobbo	William Welch
Launcelot Gobbo	Lenora Berry

Court Scene:

Shylock	William Welch
Antonio	Lenora Berry
Bassanio	Emma Park
Portia	Marie Berry
The Duke of Venice	Grace Cunningham
Norissa	Ruth Ross
Messenger	Phillis Lott
Clerks	Ruth Musgrove, Georgia Dye, Sara Stephenson

The players were members of Mrs. Morrow's Shakespeare classes and were thoroughly in love with their work. The dramatic training was given by Miss Johnson, who also saw to the procuring of the costumes. These, beautiful and appropriate, were loaned by Mr. E. C. Jones, the merchant.

The performance was credible to all that took part as well as to the trainer, and that chapel was pronounced one of the most interesting of the entire year.

TREE-PLANTING DAY AT F. S. N. S.

ARBOR DAY

A most beautiful and interesting series of exercises were held in connection with tree planting day, Monday, May 5th. Previous to this time the faculty and each class had selected a tree and a place for planting the same on a conspicuous place on the campus.

The classes assembled at their selected places at 3:30 for planting their trees, and during the process of planting some unique programs were carried out. The faculty planted a live oak; the Senior class, a ginkgo; the Short Course, a Schwedleri maple; the Junior Normals, a sweet gum; the Senior Academics, a white birch; other Academic classes, an American white birch.

The following examples will show the character of the exercises rendered:

Relation of Trees to Early Development of Music ..... Miss Schroeder

Music and nature are so closely related one can scarcely think of one without the other. In its origin we find music being used in the worship of trees and dryads. Many English folk-songs show this unmistakably. The Christmas carols with their reference to the yule log: "The Oak and the Ash and Kelvin Grave," are examples of this type of song.

Woodwind instruments have grown out of the natural sound of wind playing thru reeds; percussion instruments in America originated with Indians and their custom of stretching the skins of animals over the hollow trunks of trees and beating on them with clubs. Our reed organs likely had their origin in Japan, where twenty-one young bamboo canes were hollowed, placed in a gourd and blown thru a reed placed in the side of a gourd.

In later art-song development we find such masterpeices as Schuberts, "Erl King" and "The Linden Tree." We can only hope that the trees on this campus will inspire students in the study and enjoyment of music.

TREES

(By Joyce Kilmer—Read by Mr. Barnes)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The following poem was read by Lucille Hamilton:

He who plants a tree planteth love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
His work its own reward shall be.

—Selected.

OUR BIRCH TREE

'Tis the fifth day of May,
Nineteen and nineteen the year.
By the class of twenty-one
This tree is planted here.

Its little white branches
Soon will be covered with leaves,
And it will grow to be
The most beautiful of trees.

When on future May-Days
The branches are covered with bloom,
And out upon the sunny breeze
It wrafts its sweet perfume,

We shall not be forgotten,
Though far away we may be;
Our memories will live
By the planting of this tree.

—Jessie Hoover, '21.

GIRLS' CHORUS

VOCAL DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

(Miss Harriet Shroeder, Instructor)

The most conspicuous of the musical groups in the Normal School is usually the chorus. In spite of the effects of influenza which were particularly noticeable in musical activities, the chorus has kept up its customary work. Aside from furnishing music for various Liberty Loan meetings, the float furnished for the Liberty Loan parade in the early fall was a much talked of feature.

The girls were pleased and gratified that their group of songs at the May Educational Conference met with such sincere approval, not only by our local school people, but our more distant visitors. As usual the commencement music will feature this group of girls, who spend their time and efforts in making the school activities more attractive with their good voices.

Students had an opportunity this year which was as unusual as it was enjoyable. A quintette from the Dunbar school gave a chapel program of their own folk-songs. Negro spiritual songs have had a conspicuous place on many artist's programs in the last year, and it was a very great pleasure to hear them sung by the people who can do them best.

The double quartette from the woman's club gave a group of Russion songs which were particularly interesting, since they originated in Ukrania.

Aside from the assembly work presented in music, the students have heard the city's best musicians in solo work in the chapel periods thruout the year. The school is very appreciative of those who have made the music more vital by their interpretations of the good music given here, and wish to perpetuate their gratitude by making mention of it in this year book.

PIANO DEPARTMENT

(Amy Rogers Rice, Instructor)

Because of the splendid patriotism of its students, the enrollment of the Normal School has been greatly reduced for the last year or two, but in spite of this fact the number of students in the piano department is greater than it has been for several years, which goes to show that this department is in a flourishing condition.

This year two recitals are to be given by the piano students, the first of which will be given on the first of June, during the week of commencement events, and the second during the first week of summer school.

These recitals, with the exception of a few numbers at the beginning by the Junior department, are to be quite advanced in character. The two piano selections, both in duet and quartette forms, are to be special features as usual, and are to be of a very high class.

Not only the students of the Normal, but members of the faculty as well have shown their interest and marked ability in the assembly, and at the first recital, several two piano selections will be furnished by a quartette from the ladies of the faculty.

Miss Rice will teach as usual in the summer school.

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

One of the biggest features of the Domestic Science Department is the serving of formal dinners at the close of the second semester. This brings into practice all the theory learned during the entire year and is the best means of finding out whether or not the girls have grasped the fundamentals in Domestic Science—in the art of cooking and serving.

On Wednesday evening May 14th, a dinner of lovely appointments was given at the Normal School by this department, under the supervision of Miss Harriet Chappell, instructor of Domestic Science. A color scheme of pink and white was carried out in the embellishments of the table and dining room. A fine menu was served and excellent service was given by the young ladies in charge. The dinner was served in four courses and consisted of the following:

Pineapple Cocktail

Breaded veal cutlets — New cream potatoes
Fresh buttered peas — Olives
Fuchia radishes — Rolls

Tomato flower salad
Apple blossom sandwiches

Strawberry ice-cream — Rose cakes

Coffee

Prof. Walter Barnes presided as the host of the evening and the guests included the school superintendents of Fairmont and Marion county and the principals of the Fairmont High School and ward schools. Seated at the table were City. Supt. of Schools, Otis G. Wilson; Supt. W. A. Hustead, of the East Side Schools; County Supt. Homer C. Toothman; Retiring County Supt. W. E. Michael; Prin. George H. Colebank, of the High School; Prin. Glen A. Keister, of the Barnes School; Prin. W. E. Buckey, of the Butcher School; Prin. W. A. Crowl, of the Fleming School; Prin. M. H. Cole, of the White School; Prin. J. S. Hawkins, of the Miller School; Profs. Walter Barnes, E. E. Mercer, Frank S. White, M. Turner and H. J. McGinnis, of the Normal faculty.

Another dinner party of lovely appointments was served by the young ladies of the Domestic Science Department on Tuesday evening, May 20th. The hostess, Miss Harriett Chappell, served an elegant menu. A color scheme of yellow and white was carried out in the decorations of the table and dining room. The menu was as follows:

Orange Cocktail

Maryland chicken — Glazed sweet potatoes
Celery — Olives — Buttered asparagus — Rolls
Perfection salad — Saltines
Pineapple ice-cream — Angel food cake with yellow icing
Almonds — Yellow and white mints

Coffee

Covers were laid for President and Mrs. Joseph Rosier, Prof. and Mrs. Walter Barnes, Prof. and Mrs. E. L. Lively, Mrs. N. R. C. Morrow, Mrs. Alleda Snyder, Mrs. Emory McKinney, the Misses Jessie and Ethel Ice, Inez Johnson, Harriett Schroeder, Amy Rogers Rice, Rachel Toivonen, Laura Briggs, Harriett Chappell, Laura Lewis, Profs. E. E. Mercer, H. J. McGinnis and Frank White.

F. S. N. S. VEGETABLE-GARDENING SCENE

A TYPICAL F. S. N. S. ORCHARD SCENE

GIRLS' GYM. CLASS

TRACK MEET

The most exciting and interesting event of the year took place April 1st, at 8:00 p. m., in the gymnasium of the old Normal School building, when the Senior Short Course Class met the Junior Normal Class in a very fast and thrilling athletic meet. A large number of spectators witnessed the event, and the cheering could be heard for blocks away. Much enthusiasm was manifested on the part of the players as well as those who looked on.

A very fast and close game of basket-ball was the first feature of the evening's program, the Junior Normals winning by a score of 4-2. Players on both teams worked very hard and deserve much credit for the effort put forth.

Between the halves of the basket-ball game a walking relay was carried on, which brought much cheering from the spectators. The Senior Short Course players were the winners in this, some new and very interesting forms of walking being displayed.

Following this all the players participated in a game of nucomb. This proved to be one of the most interesting events of the evening, much good team work as well as excellent individual playing being shown. The Senior Short Course received the honors of this, winning by a score of 35 to 27.

A 40 yard dash was carried on, eight players participating, four from each side, the four best runners dashing the second time. In this were three Short Course and one Junior Normal. The three winners received 5, 3 and 1 points, respectively, the Senior Short Course players carreid all nine points, thus eliminating the Junior Normals from the dash.

PHYSICAL GRACE CHAPEL

The chapel program May 15, consisted of a number of exercises and dances given by the Physical Education classes of the school. The introductory remarks were made by Mr. McGinnis, who brought out this new-found need for physical education in the schools.

A small but appreciative audience (due to the fact that the majority participated) enjoyed the splendid exhibition of "physical grace." The military marching by the Junior girls was particlarly well done. The most amusing feature was the exercises performed by the boys.

The numbers were given in the following order:

Building a Bonfire	Beginning Class
Tantoli	8- 9 Class
Children's Polka	8- 9 Class
Shoemaker's Dance	8- 9 Class
Wand Drill	9-10 Class
Ukrainsky	2- 3 Class
Norwegion Mt. March	9-10 Class
Marching	- 9 Class
Villagers	9-10 Class
Indian War Dance	2- 3 Class
Boys' Work	

BOYS' GYM. CLASS

FAIRMONT NORMAL BULLETIN

MOUND NUMBER

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Editor-in-Chief	Mary Romano
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Faculty Advisers	Literary—Laura F. Lewis Business—E. L. Lively
Stories	Jessie Church
Poems	Marie Frum
Social Events	Madge Clovis
Locals and Personals	Lucile Hamilton
Soldiers' Record	Bessie Preston Marjorie Lynn
Organizations	Lucile Fisher
Class Reporters	Ethel Heston Ruth Ross Ruth Musgrove

THE SILVER LINING

The Normal had been prospering for a long number of years. The enrollment was large, the equipment was improving from year to year. The future seemed a bright one to those interested in the school.

Just when everything had been given a good start and was running smoothly the war put a stop to it for a time. After a short time the enrollment began to diminish, young men and women turned to other duties, leaving their education for the time being. Then began the dark days, there were many drawbacks and discouragements, but the few remained, put their shoulders to the wheel, and kept things going.

Every cloud has a silver lining, and it can be seen shining thru the dark, brighter each day. New students and old, too, are coming to our school, and each year from now on, the enrollment will enlarge and the Normal will be like old times again.

With the new building and modern equipment and methods being used, there is no reason why the Normal should not fare even better than pre-war days.

ORGANIZATIONS

When an old movement falls out of time a new one is ready to take its place. So it happened with some of the organizations of our school this year. Not enough students were here to carry on the work of the Mozart and Lyceum societies, so they were dropped. Not long after this, other old organizations became more prominent and new ones sprang up.

The Johnson Story-Telling Club has prospered more this year than ever before. The Y. W. C. A. is also doing splendid work. The new organization is the Barnes Individual Talent Club. This was organized by the Junior English Class for the purpose of developing and discovering talent in the different individuals of the group. Although this organiaztion has been organized but a short time, there is no doubt that it will continue for a long time.

MORPHEUS OFF DUTY

It was early spring-time. Morpheus, like many people, decided that he should take a spring vacation. Now just what had put this into his head the other gods of his realm were not able to figure out. All they knew was that one fine morning they awakened to find Morpheus gone.

They looked down upon the earth. There people were yawning, but could not sleep. "Oh well," said Venus, "he will be back by evening and then the earthly ones, as well as ourselves, will sleep the better for having to stay awake all day." The day passed and night came. Stars twinkled from Dame Sky's purple robe, and shed their light upon a sleepless world. Babies and children were crying. The people of the world were tired but could not sleep. Even the gods and goddesses in their realm failed to sleep.

Venus had made a mistake in her saying. Morpheus did not return to cast the wonderful charm of sleep over his world and realm. Where could he be? Diana looked the whole realm over, but no Morpheus. She looked through the wide, wide world below, but without success. Night wore on and people prayed for sleep.

Now let us take a peep at Morpheus. Morpheus wanted a spring vacation. So, wisely keeping his thoughts to himself, he worked out his plans. Early on the morning of which we are speaking he proceeded to carry them out. He started out merely to enjoy the walk along country roads, which were edged with beautiful flowers and trees of all kinds.

Now in this great realm of gods and goddesses there was but one power as great as the God of Sleep and that was the God of Invisibility, a very, very old man. This god lived in his own Pale and did not wander out. It was said that people who accidentally entered his domain never wandered out either! Of course, Morpheus could not see this little, old, invisible god, and, not knowing, went right into his domain. When he entered the valley belonging to the god of Invisibility, a spell was cast over him and he became invisible to all human beings—except the god who charmed him. This little old man cast the spell by saying: "Good food for me shall hidden be."

"So I am to be eaten," thot Morpheus, but he said nothing. He knew himself to be unrecognized, and felt safe. "For," thot he, "can I not cast sleep over the god?" But then he thot with ever increasing horror, no, he was on his vacation and had left the sack containing the never-failing sleep mist under a rock, just over the line of the valley. His knees shook, his courage failed. Could it be that he, the powerful Morpheus, was to be eaten by the little, old, ugly god of Invisibility, and that sleep would be lost to the world? He thought quickly. He could not expect help from his people, for they would now be unable to see him. He might put the old rascal to sleep if he had the won-

derful sleeping mist—but it was just outside. Could he get it? Well, if he could pretend he was reaching over the border of the god's domain to pluck a flower, he might be successful. That was just what he would do. Creeping, creeping to the edge of the valley, he reached over and got the little bag. Ah! Now he would put the god of Invisibility into such a sleep that he would never awaken.

He returned, looking as innocent as a child. The god of Invisibility, who had been busy at the time charming another wanderer, had failed to notice him. Knowing that, once in, no one could ever set foot out of his domain, he did not need to watch his prisoners all of the time. Till the death of the god the magic spell kept prisoners' feet from ever crossing the line.

As Morpheus neared the god of Invisibility, he loosened the strings of the magic sleep bag. The old man fell in his tracks, breathing heavily. "Now for home and no more spring vacations for me," muttered Morpheus, "home I go to friends and duty."

Just as Morpheus crossed over the pale, the old god of Invisibility breathed his last breath.

Morpheus went home and before speaking sent sleep upon the world. Poor tired people, how thankful they were for sleep. Little did they know what punishment had been sent upon Morpheus. Little did Morpheus know until he looked around to speak to his people. What had befallen him! In his haste to get out of the valley, Morpheus had forgotten to compel the god of Invisibility to lift the spell which had been cast over him. All the death of the god did for Morpheus was to "free his feet." He must forever live alone, invisible to his friends; the curse of shirking duty. For the god of Invisibility was dead.

—Shelagh H. B. Baker, '20.

ONLY A MEMORY

(Written May 11, 1919)

As I sit alone at twilight,
At the eve of a day in May,
My thoughts sail backward and backward,
And I go with them away.

I leave the shore of the present
And sail on the sea of time
Till I reach of the country of the past,
Where here I rest sublime.

Again it's a beautiful evening in May,
And I am a child once more,
Weary and tired, from a day of play,
Just as in days of yore.

When darkness falls and bedtime comes
And in my bed I lie,
Mother comes and tucks me in
And to slumberland I fly.

But the breath of the white carnation
That is pinned upon my breast
Whispers "It's only a memory,"
And I am aroused from my rest.

—Gladys M. Watkins, '20.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

I had thought that I could make it home from Aunt Mattie's before it grew dark that night, if, at the gardener's suggestion, I would take the road that led past the old mill. When but a child I had gathered wild flowers there with other children, and it always seemed to possess a gruesome atmosphere, a foreboding of evil, which caused us to stay clear of it at dusk. In fact I was well acquainted with it, and had really never seen the house which they said was haunted. But on this particular evening, as it threatened a storm and as the country road was given to wash-outs and landslides at a time like this, I thought it best to try the other way, and anyway I was rather a big girl now and supposed to be brave. My horse was a good pal, and it was my own fault that I had stayed so long, but who could resist Auntie's fireside and cookie jar? It was for this I had hungered.

I crammed my pockets with cookies, kissed Auntie good-bye, and reluctantly mounted old "Faithful."

As I rode away down the road I looked back and could not help feeling regret at my departure. But I took out a cookie, kicked old Faithful in the ribs, and hummed a tune as I galloped towards the entrance of the gap which harbored the old mill. However, as I neared this tunnel-like opening into the hills I noticed how dark the sky was, and my reverie was broken by a rumbling, rolling noise, which was thunder, but which semed to come out of the gap. Suddenly a streak of lightning caused old Faithful to start and me to stop breathing. Another rolling and howling; the rain grew chilly; I clung to my horse's neck. I was ready to enter the gap, which to me then was the jaws of death. I was nonplussed for the moment, but I thought how the boys at home would laugh at me for being afraid of a storm and of nature's buildings. So with a last start at the sight of a tree which resembled a man with his arms outspread, I rode bravely into the gap. By means of a flash of lightning now and then I was able to make out the landscape. I was alone on a ridge which was scarcely wider than a path. Above me, and seemingly closing in on me, were two large hills and below me roared the falls of the old mill, which mingled with the thunder to make a hollow, death-rattle echo. But I steered bravely on.

I hated to be out in a storm, and as John had told me of a little shelter house about a mile from the entrance, I resolved to reach there before the rain. My situation reminded me of Ichabod Crane, so I whistled as he had done. I had no appetite for any more cookies.

Now it began to sprinkle, and with another flash of lightning I saw ahead of me what I took to be the "shelter-house." A little board roof nailed up against some trees, probably the work of some boys. I looked neither to the right nor left, but gladly got down and crawled under, after leading my horse under the trees. It then began to pour and pour. Strangely I didn't feel afraid now, but oh! so tired. Having settled myself comfortably against the tree trunk, I looked out against the creek, and there in a vast meadow, but built up against the hill, was something that gave me a start. It was, as I knew, the haunted house. A large, white, plain-front, old, rambling homstead. It was minus windows and doors, which made me think of a death's head without eyes or teeth. I gazed intently at it, not being able to pull my eyes from it. It was raining in torrents, but I crawled out and walked down to the stream. I really had no excuse for these strange actions. Just as I had reached the edge of the stream, regardless of the pouring torrents the clouds cleared, the rain slacked, and that white, washy light which is charactertisic after a storm flooded the gap. I stood and looked at the house, which seemed more gruesome than ever in the milky whiteness. A woman dressed in white came out on the porch holding in her hand a lighted candle. She peered out across the meadows, walked to the edge of the porch, and to my awe-struck gaze vanished into space. I stood rooted to the ground, but not afraid. Here I was a young girl of seventeen, four miles from any place, in a storm and having just gazed at an immortal being not of this earth. I walked slowly back to my horse, mounted, and rode away. The storm had now ceased altogether, and the moon shone, warming the cold clammy air. I was in a doze and left it to old Faithful to take me anywhere he chose. It seemed hours and miles that we had traveled before I saw a small hut among the trees with a warm, welcome light shining from the windows. I got down at the gate, knocked at the door, and was admitted into a low-ceilinged room, by a little old woman with white hair and old lace. I didn't speak, but sat down, at her motion, in a big chair. After hot tea and a rest, I found myself telling this strange, kind, old lady my story. At first I saw her start and grow pale at the mention of the old house, but when I reached the point about the woman in white the tears rolled down her face and she said, "Oh! my Mary! 'Tis she, 'tis Mary." I stopped short and asked if I had frightened her or if she were ill. "No child, I will tell you."

"My Mary was a laughing, pretty child, just your age when she married Jarvis, the big miner of

the mills. I didn't want her to marry him, but she put her arms around my neck and said nothing—only laughed in her pretty way. So they were married; and to my surprise, Jarvis, instead of taking her to the city, as he had promised, bought the old Slosson homestead and move there. Mary would not talk to me about it, but as time went on I could see that they were not happy. (Here she couldn't speak for crying.)

"One day Jarvis was going to the town for supplies, and I told him before he left to tell Mary to come over and stay with me, to help me put up quince preserves. It was in the fall, when the fields were yellow and the trees were red. I went about with my work, going to the window now and then to see if she were coming. Finally it came ten o'clock and I began to get worried. At twelve I was putting dinner on the table for two, but something told me she would not be here. I ate little, got up from the table, put on my bonnet and started for her house. Going up the path, everything seemed to have stopped living, the flowers, the birds; no living thing about the place, and such a silence. I went to the front door, but it was locked, and so were the windows. I knocked and knocked, while my heart pounded like a sledge hammer, but there was no answer. I went to the side and back doors with the same result. I called and called with no response. (My child that was twenty long years ago and I was young then) I became desperate and broke a window. I stepped into the room and called; no answer, only a hollow echo. I went on into the kitchen, and oh! it makes me shudder to think of it, there in a pool of blood lay my own Mary.

"Jarvis came back and seemed to pine after that and I was assured then that he really loved her, but we could not find out who killed her. I would lie awake and think of her at nights, and one night I saw her. She was standing by my bed, and I was not afraid. I said, 'Mary, speak to me; tell me who killed you.'

" 'He did it, Jarvis.' Then she vanished. So I knew, but we never found him, he had left the country,—and so it was my Mary that you saw."

At this I awoke and found myself leaning up against the tree trunk. I had fallen asleep and dreamed about the old house. The rain had beat in on me, and my cookies were nothing but wet dough. It had ceased, and, as in my dream, the moon had washed the gap with a milky whiteness. I was late and I had three miles to go yet. I got astride old "Faithful" and said "giddap," with a lump in my throat; and with a last shy look at the old house, I threaded my way home.

—Grace Cunningham, '20.

PERSONALS

Miss Gertrude Morgan and Mrs. Snyder were visitors at chapel, Thursday, April 24th.

Miss Laura Pell has returned to school after a long and serious illness of rheumatism.

Miss Helen Rogers is confined to her home in Moundsville, recovering from a long illness of influenza.

Miss Lucile Henry has returned to school after a few weeks' absence, due to an attack of mumps.

Miss Madaline Ingalls, of Mannington, is a new student at our school, starting her work on April 30th.

Mrs. F. E. Nichols was a visitor at chapel on May 8th.

Miss Emma Milstead and Miss Marjorie Linn spent the week end with Miss Ada Wagner at her home in Grafton, May 9, 10 and 11th.

SPRING RECEPTION

On the evening of April twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred ninteen, the old students of F. S. N. S. gave the annual spring reception in honor of the new students. The evening was spent very pleasantly in getting acquainted with new people, and various entertaining games. At a reasonable hour refreshments were served and everybody went home feeling the better for having been there.

JUNIOR—SENIOR PARTY.

On May, thirteenth the Junior Normal Class gave the annual party for the Senior Normal Class, and it was a perfect success. The colors of the two respective classes were carried out in the decorations. The reception hall was decorated in the senior colors—purple and gold, and the study hall was most beautifully arranged for a dining room with red and black, the Junior colors, predominating.

The evening was spent in various kinds of entertainments that made it indeed an enjoyable affair for all present.

AN ENLARGED PORTRAIT OE CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S CO-STAR

We had just boarded the ten o'clock train, westward bound from Chicago, when a smiling porter of a decently brunette complexion came through the train crying, "Miss Edna Purviance. Telegram for Miss Edna Purviance."

I leaned over and gave my aunt a jab with my elbow, which all but broke her ribs. "Listen to what he says; just listen! Edna Purviance is on the train!"

Aunt Mary tried to appear properly impressed and considering the fact that that magic name meant no more to her ears than Mary Jones, (uneducated as she was regarding the moving picture world) she succeeded rather well. I took it upon myself to elucidate. "Why she is Charlie Chaplin's leading lady. Didn't you ever notice that beautiful blonde who always plays opposite him? Just think! She is on this very train!"

I could not even wait until morning to seek out the famous screen beauty, but set out at once to make a tour of the entire train. Alas! no sign of Miss Purviance. Morning came, and I resumed my search, but she seemed determined to withdraw from the collective eye of the common herd. However, even the thought of being so near to a celebrity could not quell my rising hunger, and so, much as I tried to banish such common and sordid thoughts as those of food, my aunt finally gained my reluctant consent to accompany her for an hour in the diner.

Hardly had we seated ourselves and tried to stop the billows of our coffee cups, than down the aisle of the rocking, bumping car came the goddess. Blonde, very blonde, was her hair, and black, very black, were her brows and lashes, and on the end of each eye lash was a little black bead of gummy paint. Her lips were ruby, and her cheeks a delicate peach blossom pink. And she was dressed entirely in black. On and on she came, until, to my trembling delight she seated herself opposite me at our very table. The longed-for opportunity had come. I opened my mouth, moistened my lips, swallowed hard, but words would come not. I decided to wait a short while, somehow speech seemed so futile.

And then Miss Purviance gave her order to the bowing waiter. Oh, what a shock! White meat of turkey, Boston baked beans and brown bread, potato salad, mixed pickels, coffee, and strawberries and cream. I never thought of her as eating,—and eating such food. Nectar and ambrosia seemed too dainty for her, to my mind.

However, she certainly had a most lutsy appetite, for she devoured every morsel of that exceedingly large meal. When she paid the waiter, she drew a number of twenty dollar bills from the pocket of her silk sweater and some loose change. It was then that I first noticed the black cameo ring on her right forefinger. It was an inch square. The waiter brought back her change. She carelessly pocketed it without the formality of counting it, and on the tray she left a two-dollar note. After she had gone I remained in a trance for fully five minutes.

Aunt Mary is an understanding creature. Under the circumstances, most any other aunt would have said, "I told you so. They are all alike. Why didn't you speak to her? I thought you were going to ask her how to secure a position in the movies." But did Aunt Mary say any of these things? No; she merely helped me to my feet, supported me as I reeled down the aisle to our compartment, and when we were seated safely in our section her only remark was, "What beautiful blonde hair she has!"

—PHYLLIS K. LOTT, '21.

"KEEP TRYST"

As Bab emerged from the "gym" and scuffled along the winding path, one sneaker lace dragged and jerked behind, coyly inviting the gambols of a small kitten that lay by the path in the shade of a low spreading tree. One would have been apt to conclude that this irresistibly boyish person was an under-class man, unconscious of the depressed feeling that lay heavy on every Senior this particular June morning. But this was not so, the plain face, the slightly titled nose, the red-brown curls, the boyish whistle, all belonged to a most honored, most beloved Senior. Barbara Livingston was indeed the favorite of the class. But even the favorite, the pride of so fine a group of young women as made up the Senior Class of W—— College, could not be absolutely void of faults. Indeed no! And this minute Bab was in the prime of one such fault. She was so fully enjoying herself that she seemed utterly to have forgotten that when she had left the "gym" but a second before, she had just ten minutes to get ready for the most enjoyable of all the Senior Week Jollities. It was hardly a festivity. Those three last days together, that were spent in the log cabin on the woody heights a few miles from the village. Those three days are dearly remembered by every graduate of the college, and it is with fast beating hearts that each class of Seniors starts out for those happy sacred hours.

A sharp dig by the small kitten, which had at last captured her prize, and a shrill whistle from the direction of Mead Hall aroused Bab from her reveries. Shaking the kitten, she ran and stumbled on towards a group of three girls, who, in immaculate suits of white, stood at the door of the dormitory.

"Bless me, child! Where have you been?" called Mary, the practical. We surely did think you were lost."

"Yes for mercy sakes rush on or you'll never be ready when the carriages come," Betty promptly urged.

Phyllis, though she said nothing, squeezed Bab's hand lovingly. Bab, not at all alarmed, calmed their fears with "Yes, angels I'll be with you all in a minute," and with that disappeared through the doorway.

"I'm quite sure she'll never make it," sighed Phyllis. "I'll wait here for her. You girls go on and join the others at College Hall. If she gets ready, we'll meet you there."

Two girls stood hestiating, but seeing the resolute look in Phil's calm eyes they knew that she had meant what she said, and so with the words of dissent unuttered on their lips they walked slowly away.

Phil re-entered Mead and started up the stairs with the intention of going to Bab's room to help her dress, but remembering that it would take Bab the longer if she did so, stopped and sank heavily on the stairs. Must she give up one hour of those glorious last days with the girls? Oh! it would break her heart; but—looking up to the great stained windows at the landing, she smiled through her tears as she read the inscription "Keep Tryst." Indeed faithful old Phil was keeping tryst this moment and she always would. For four long years those two words had been a comfort to her in depressed moments and so they were now.

A door slammed in the corridor above and Bab, hat in hand, ran down the steps laughing in her happy fashion. "You're a darling old dear to wait for me. You just knew I'd need to be hooked, didn't you?" she cried, hugging her friend, and then whirling around she presented a quite un-hooked back.

When Phil finished, they locked arm and rushed off for the hall.

Just as the last girl stepped into the very last carriage and the driver said "Guess we'll have to go without t'other ones," two breathless girls dashed wildly up, gasping, "Hey, there! I guess you won't go without us," and they clambered into the vehicle.

It was a merry ride through the shady cool country lanes, up hill and down dell. They were all making the most of the time that was left. All the jollity seemed to center around Bab. She provoked their laughter and made them forget that the end—horrible word—was so near.

The first two days were gone before they could realize it. Gone—and they could never be recalled. The Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior presidents had each called meetings, and every occur-

ence of those first years was brought to mind and discussed; all the achievements, all the funny mistakes, no detail was omitted.

Now the last day was here. The sun shone brightly, the faculty had arrived, the last meeting would soon be over. Bab took her place on the platform and called the meeting to order. As the roll was called each girl answered "guilty" or "not guilty," according to whether or not she was engaged. There were many "guiltys" pronounced that caused much disturbance. Again and again Bab pounded for order. When the last name had been called the class prophet gave her prophecy and then they all joined hands and sang, as they had never sung before, their "Alma Mater."

The four inseparables, Bab and Phil, Mary and Betty, walked along College Lane, arm in arm. Their black gowns trailed behind them; each carried a diploma tied with blue and white ribbons. They were no longer Seniors, they were Alumnae. In the morning the gay halls would be silent. Only a few, who were unable to get early trains, would be left. These four chums were going to the four extremities of the country. How long would it be before they met again? Mary, who was to be married during the summer to a young Captain lately returned from the war, was the first to speak. "If I am to leave this afternoon, I'll have to get dressed, girls. All I hope for you all is that you may always be as happy as I am today." Then she turned and hurried up the stairs.

When her foot steps died away in the corridor above, Bab, turned to Phil and Betty saying, "Oh, angel darlings, it's just terrible. I've tried not to believe that this was the end, but it is. I'll never see any of you again. Phil off in California with a rich aunt, and Betty off in Boston teaching. What chance has a country minister's daughter to ever see you again? Oh I just hate sober old sewing-bees and Ladies' Aid Societies and Sunday School picnics—and—and being a country minister's grown-up, house-keeper daughter. I do," and with a sob she threw herself into Phil's arms.

Slowly, unconsciously, Phyllis turned toward the landing, for they had stopped at the foot of the stairs when Bab had given vent to this spasm. The late afternoon sun shone through the stained glass windows and cast a myriad of dawning lights upon the floor.

"Keep Tryst" Phyllis whispered, and they smiled, for they knew they would.

—JESSIE CHURCH, '19.

MEANS TO AN END

An education they tell me
Is now quite a necessity.
In order to be educated
From school you must be graduated.

If at the bar you wish to be,
Go to a university
And study law and Socrates
Till you're well versed in all decrees.

If as a doctor you want fame,
Go to a school that has a name;
Study herbs and wield a knife
Till you've obtained your start in life.

But if you choose to lead a life
Of pedagogic fame and strife,
Your effort must be very great
To fit yourself for such a fate;

Go to the Fairmont Normal School,
Acquaint yourself with every rule,
Prepare to lead a merry life
Filled up with fun, devoid of strife.

Psychology will teach you how
To teach a verse about a cow,
The child's experience will suggest
The kind of method that is best.

History of Ed. pursue with zeal.
It tells how children used to feel
When long ago they went to school
And learned to lisp the Golden Rule.

If you neglect School Management
Quite soon in life you will repent.
Sometimes your charges will be wild,
Spare not the rod and spoil the child!

Principles of Ed. require attention,
But the things you learn you cannot mention.
Study this with greatest care
And reference work you must not spare.

When on these subjects you have pondered
And paths of knowledge you have wandered
Without a doubt, without chagrin,
Accept your Normal School sheepskin.

—BESSIE PRESTON, '19.

THE COLUMBIA'S FATE

(Written for Jr. Eng. Class—Old Ballad Style.)

It was a bright and sunny day
With not a hint of storm;
When the Columbia sailed away
To meet her fate unknown.

The glorious flag of America,
From her mast-head floated free;
To aid the Right, she sailed away
To the land across the sea.

Her cargo of Red Cross supplies,
And ammunition too,
Would be hailed with joy by the Allies,
When the dangerous journey's thru.

The captain, who was brave and true,
He served his country well;
And every man in all his crew
Of his great deeds could tell.

Both day and night a watch was kept,
For the wily Hun U-boat.
At night, thru the danger zone they crept,
Their route no foe could note.

They had but one day yet to sail,
When the captain said to the mate,
"Just then I thot I saw a whale,
The kind, you know, that spouts forth hate.

"Order the watch to be doubled tonight,
And keep a strict lookout."
"Aye, aye sir, our part we'll do all right,
Of that you need have no doubt."

It happened just at dawn of day,
That the forward lookout spied
The trail a periscope had made,
And to his mates he cried,

"A sub! a sub! my maties true,
I'm sure that's what I see;
Its coming right toward us, too,
But they need not think we'll flee."

Each man went quickly to his place,
To defend his country's pride.
For well each knew there'd be a chase
When by the Huns their ship was spied.

In sooth, they had not long to wait,
'Till the submarine swung around.
"My God!" cried the captain to the mate,
"They surely know we are unarmed!

"Then too, we're neutral, sir, you know,
They dare not sink this ship."
"You do not know the Hun, I trow;
This is the Columbia's final trip."

"See! the sub is closer now,
We'll get it soon, just wait."
A shot passed right across the bow,
The sign of German hate.

"You Yanks surrender," came the cry
From the German submarine;
"If not, we'll blow your ship sky high,
And you to smithereens."

To this the captain made reply,
"My ship is owned by a neutral power,
We'll not surrender, tho we die,
Your threats will never make us cower."

"Ach so! you're full of Yankee 'pep,'
And won't obey my high command.
Perhaps you will your words regret,
Both you, and all your band!"

"Do your worst, you bloody hog!"
A Yankee sailor shouted,
"You murder children, women flog,
But men you've never routed."

"Mein Gott" we'll see to that right now.
Men, loosen that destroyer."
It struck her right beneath the prow,
And soon the waters gurgled o'er her.

The sub submerged, and then
She sought another victim.
Nor gave a thought to the awful sin
She had just then committed.

But the dauntless crew of the Yankee boat,
By great good luck was saved;
For a passing ship saw the men afloat
And rescued them from a watery grave.

Thus did the Columbia meet her fate,
As had others oft before,
And thus does Germany win our hate,
And our desire to pay the score.

—Edna Lee Shough, '20.

CLOTHES AND ARABELLA

Arabella looked queer. The most optimistic could not have thot otherwise. Her expressive face, surrounded by its halo of red hair, peered out inquisitively from a mountain of astonishing millinery. There had been quite a council held over this particular article of feminine apparel while Arabella's wardrobe was in the state of being created. Aunt Caroline suggested ribbon for adornment, Sara Jane held out for red roses, while Mr. Watts maintained he always thot "feather trimmins were awful stylish." Arabella, literally applying the notion that a combination of heads, or their ideas, are better than one, and not wishing to offend any of her well-meaning relatives, cheerfully accepted all suggestions. The result was obvious, Arabella looked slightly weighed down.

The taste of her family was also evinced in the remainder of her toilet; a blue sailor collar flapped limply over a heavy brown jacket. There appeared to have been some dissention also in regard to the length of the skirt, and a compromise was the result. The back freely swept the pavement, while the front seemed to be attempting to mount upwards to escape a like fate. Her shoes, wide-toed, and firm of heel, were clearly not made to satisfy Vanity. She carried a dilapidated bag, a relic of more ancient days.

As she approached the imposing looking building Arabella's busy little mind was at work and queer sensations flew up and down her spine.

"I do hope they'll like me," she mumurred, staring thotfully at one square dusty toe. If I only had another name—something nice, plain, and handy. Arabella! It's like a piece of red cloth stuck in your face, loud and clamoring. Oh, well," she sighed. "Maybe I'll live it down, or shorten it, or something."

Matters of greater importance were demanding Arabella's attention at that moment, and the troublesome name was forgotten for the time being. She had reached the stage in her ascent up the driveway where the next obvious move was to mount the steps, and from thence pass on into the building. Suddenly she hesitated. She paused to gather impetus for the headlong rush she felt herself called to make if she entered those imposing looking doors. "It reminds one of a court house, church, or parliament—something terribly awesome," she mumured. "Fairland State Normal School, it surely doesn't lack in dignity.

"Perhaps, if I count the steps it'll be easier," thought Arabella, "and surely not so distracting. I fear my last ounce of dignity has flown. I do hope the President hasn't a beard. I can't endure one. I haven't the faintest idea what to say. Mother said above all be polite and say 'Sir,' tho I am quite sure I'll never remember to say it often. It always sounds so unnecessary, sort of tacked on. Well, here I am ready to beard the lion in his den. I'm quite sure he wouldn't approve of being referred to as a lion, and the school as the menagerie, tho of course he'll never suspect that I did it."

The heavy door swung open and Arebella passed in.

Had Arabella been a debuntante planning her debut for the most auspicious time, she would not have succeeded in creating more of a stir. Fairland Normal, used to a democratic student-body, was not easily impressed. But Arabella proved a bomb. The president of the Maynard's voiced her grievous sentiments:

"She not only dresses so outlandishly queer, but she seems to take it for granted she can be friends with anyone. She actually walked up and took hold of my arm this morning to walk to chapel! I do hope she doesn't want to join our society. I'm sure we don't want her. Perhaps the Lamars will. They might give her the reading in the contest. I hear they haven't any one yet." Mary giggled at her own wit.

"She does have an attractive way," murmured her friend.

Arabella sat that night in her room, which she shared with another girl, but instead of chatting fluently as was her wont, she was so absorbed in her own thots she scarcely noticed the abstraction of the other.

"I am queer looking," decided Arabella, staring at her reflection. "My clothes are fearfully wrong, and I must be awkward, tho I'm sure I never noticed that particularly. But," she said raising her voice, and addressing her companion, "did you see me stumble over Mr. Wesley's feet this morning? He should have had them under his chair, tho they are quite large and I suppose it would be inconvenient. I remember hearing Uncle John—" Here she broke off to look at her friend, who was not only inattentive, but wore a decidely worried look. "Is anything the matter?" timidly ventured Arabella.

The other sighed heavily. "It's about the contest," she began. "You know we've always had so much rivalry between our societies for—oh years. I suppose you've heard all about that. The Lamars have held the wreath for three years, but it looks as tho the Maynards were going to get it sure this time. We're fairly sure of the debate and oration, but we don't even have a reader, and the Maynards have a jewel! I wish we could poke around and unearth a discovery in the person of some one who could read, and read so brilliantly that Irene Briggs would look like a stuttering parrot in comparison! I wish some stellar beam would appear—from—oh, anywhere—I" Sara was so engrossed in her oratory and kindled ire she failed to notice the dawning look of hope, enthusiasm, and fear growing in Arabella's face. "I think, oh I'm sure, I could—I have done it," she breathed.

The night of the contest was at hand. Brilliant lights were everywhere. Huge walls of flowers were packed around the stage, and white-gowned students flitted here and there. Everywhere was voiced a great curiosity over the Lamar reader. The Maynards were firm in the belief that whoever she was she could not compete in any sense with their own reader.

A hush fell on the huge assembly. The contestants filed slowly out, an indistinct-blur at first, but standing out in bold relief as each individual took her seat. Maynards as a body gasped. Arabella sat before them, clearly the Lamar reader—but was it Arabella? From then on to the close of that long remembered evening their emotions and sensations were so confused as not to be distinct as such.

The debate and oration came to a close. The Maynard reader, firm in self-confidence, did admirably well. She sat down and the audience remained tense. The President arose, came forward and announced the last number. A slim dramatic little figure glided forward. Her simple white gown did not represent the family taste. Her white oxfords were clearly made for the purpose of adornment, and her lovely hair added the attraction for which it was intended. Clearly on the air her electric voice vibrated. It sought, and found a home in every heart. There was no doubt in the minds of one as to whom the wreath would be given when Arabella sat down.

"Arabella! Arabella!" The name rang thru the halls and was carried from lip to lip as the owner of it was borne along among a swarming crowd. "It isn't such a bad name after all," murmured Arabella. "It sounds rather nice now. But," she confined to her room-mate later, "it was partly the clothes, after all. I'd never have done it in my old ones. Clothes may not make the man, but they certainly add to his self-respect."

—Bessie Preston, -'19.

Mrs. Leo Patterson (Miss Sally Baker, '17), Mrs. F. O. Gallaspie, (Miss Caroline Post, '17), Miss Mary Hamilton, '18, Miss Edith Hunsaker, and Mr. Charles Robinson, '85, a very faithful alumnus, were visitors at chapel May 22nd.

Mr. Charles Conway has returned to school after two years in the United States' service.

Miss Ivy Jean Romine spent the week end, May 17th and 18th, at her home in Clarksburg.

President Rosier has been on a school inspection trip to Michigan and other western states.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF MR. BRONCHITIS

Last Saturday evening about nine o'clock I became aware that a new acquaintance had been added to my then lengthy and bulky list. From the very first I did not care for him. He did not come as a gentleman should come to a lady. My no! He could not shake hands with me or look me in the eyes and say "Miss—— I'm pleased to meet you." Far from it for a man of Mr. Bronchitis' reputation to do such as other men do. He did not even announce his arrival, but hung around for a long time before I even knew who he was. Two or three days before he told his name his very presence made me shudder and shiver. I could not sit still for two minutes at a time, I was in such a nervous strain.

Goodness! the disagreeable present he brought to me. Always before my men acquaintances presented me with pleasant agreeable gifts. But Mr. Bronchitis brought such a splitting headache (also heartache) that it took every bit of my religious ability to endure the results. These two fields of sufferings were nothing in comparison to the one starting in my throat and constantly kicking and jumping around from that spot, deep down into my tender heart. The result of this condition existing in my delicate frame was, that whenever I took a breath, even a wee tiny one, a noise, weak and trembling, came rolling from this direction. All this caused me to shake from the very tip-toppest black lock I possess, down to my smallest toe.

After Mr. Bronchitis had spent several days in my presence he called forth Mr. Dr.-man and Mr. Big-Bill. Anyone who has had any experience with these two personalities will have some sympathy with me. Dr.-man was the worst. He presented me with a bottle containing the nastiest, bitterest drinking "stuff" I ever hope to taste. Why, I almost cried when he forced me to drink the least little bit. And the way that man did order me! Oh! it was awful. Just for example: He told me to be perfectly quiet and not to go out of the house as long as Mr. Bronchitis remained.

Mr. Bill was more considerate. Why, he didn't bother me at all. He liked the looks of my daddy and spent the whole time with him.

Slowly and quietly all three men backed out from my presence. But as yet I haven't been able to overthrow the influence they had upon me.

I'll confess here that Mr. Bronchitis is not like some of my former acquaintances. For ever since he left he has been standing at the corner. I believe he never will turn and go on his way. He stands there keeping his sharp piercing eyes closely upon me.

Oh! Oh! How I do wish he would find another victim to bestow his affections upon. I do not want them.

—JOSEPHINE MARGARET HAGERTY, '19.

YELLOW-WHITE PARTY

At the close of the "Good English" Campaign, the losing side, the yellows, showed the winners, the whites, a very good time. The main feature of the evening was a relay race. The first event was a discus throw, in which Miss Johnson, for the whites, threw a pie tin farther than did Georgia Dye, for the yellows. The second event was a broad grin won by Miss Edith Clovis. Other events were a cracker race, won by Lenore Berry and Louis Giffin; a high jump (on the piano), Adine Bing winning; an air race, won by Phyllis Lott; and a foot race, Arban Tarleton winning out on size. Last there was a punch relay race, where each one on a side stopped in the middle of the race and drank a glass of punch without spilling it.

The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games, furnishing a generally good time for all.

HER VOCATION

"No, Evelyn, I don't want to listen to your plan," said Mrs. Gardner for the seventh time, to her pretty eighteen year old daughter.

"Why, mother, you must, I say must do it. Dad does, and yet you refuse. You act as if I am baby here, unable to form any plans for myself," angrily answered the young girl.

"Evelyn, why are you so unreasonable? Don't you know you could not do such a thing?"

"Never could! I am unreasonable! Oh! What's wrong with you? It is you who will not listen to reason. I tell you I can't stand back any longer. Here I've waited nine whole months. Think of all the time I've wasted. Think of the soldiers I could have helped and saved by now. Still you hold me back. Mother, Dick went right away, you didn't try to keep him back. If you can spare him, you can spare me!"

"Evelyn!" breathlessly exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, mother, I know its a sacrifice but oh! make a big one, worth doing and give us both. I will be taken care of the same as he. Mother, think what will I do when Marg. goes without me? You know we have been chums from girlhood, I simply couldn't stand seeing her go without me. Oh! why can't you see? It looks like you were too selfish to make the sacrifice."

A look of anguish came over Mrs. Gardner's face. Evelyn saw it.

"There; you made me say it. I didn't mean to. Oh! why did I forget!" She frantically screamed and rushed out of the room, leaving her poor mother sitting there, under the sting of what she hadn't meant to say.

Mr. Gardner came home and found his wife still sitting as Evelyn had left her. Supper had not been started and Baby was whining, trying to attract his mother's attention. As her husband came into the room, she raised her eyes from the floor to his face.

Mr. Gardner was the first to speak:

"Yes, I met Evelyn going down to see Marg." he said quietly. There was silence again. Baby started to whining. At last Mrs. Garnder said, her voice weak and trembling:

"Dad; everything she said was true, I didn't know it until now, but I can't dodge the truth any longer. Yet even at that if she and you and all know it is selfishness on my part, how can I give her up? My only daughter! She may come back and she may not. If she takes the nurses' course now, in three or foruth months she will be at the battle's front. About that time Dick will be at the same place. I gave my son, how can I give my daughter?"

At that Mrs. Gardner gave way. She wept. She wept like one whose heart would break. She wept even harder than the evening after she had come from the train, after seeing Dick off—her "Dicky boy" as she called the splendid young lad.

The following two weeks Evelyn helped her chum, Marg, prepare for Washington where she was to take the Red Cross Nurses' course, she helped her mother. Really she did most all of the house work. Mrs. Gardner had more time on her hands than she knew what to do with. She did not need to be with baby so much. But Evelyn said she did. The mother did as she said.

Evelyn was not idle a minute. Twice her mother found her crying over some sewing she was doing. Both times she looked in the room and saw her daughter softly crying, the mother went away, sat in her chair and looked at the floor for a long time.

One evening father and daughter went for a walk. Evelyn was almost at the end of her string. In three more days her dear girl chum, Marg, would be gone. She would also have given up her greatest ambition, her vocation. Evelyn Gardner had always wanted to be a nurse. It had been beyond her wildest dreams to become a Red Cross Nurse. The girl's mother had always wanted her to be a Domestic Science teacher. Her dad, her dear old daddy, wanted his girl to fulfill what she called her vocation—to be a nurse.

FAIRMONT COLLEGE LIBRARY

On this particular evening Evelyn could hold back no longer. "Dad, I thought I could stand it, but I'm getting so scared now. That evening after I told mother, Marge and I thrashed it out. Marge said I must make the sacrifice. That it was my place to do as mother wanted me to do. She had made one sacrifice and now I must make one. She couldn't be expected to make two such big ones, Marge said. I know what she says is right. I keep telling myself that, but—" she stopped and looked at her father for him to finish.

"But," he said, "what about your ambition, and what about your giving up your girl chum?"

"Yes dad, that's it. You always did understand."

"That's alright, Honey, you just keep your strength and courage up as well as you have been so far. I'm proud of you girl," he said as he patted the shoulder of his only daughter.

The same evening after their walk Evelyn had gone on down the street to Marge's house. Mr. Gardner came and sat on the bottom step where his wife was quietly sitting. After the girl had gone far down the street she slowly said:

"Marge was here while you were gone. I asked her about Evelyn. She said she could give up her desire—"

"Not desire, mother, but her vocation and higher ambition."

Mrs. Gardner looked at him in amazement as though she had never thought of it in that way. "Her vocation?" Then she paused for a little while. "Evelyn never does talk to me like she does to you. Why is it?"

He remained silent. It was far better for the mother to answer that question herself. Mrs. Gardner did not continue.

"Marge said what?" he asked.

"You know," was all she replied.

"Yes, I know, that Evelyn could give up her own ambition, her vocation, her girl chum just because her mother wants her to." Both were silent.

"That's a big sacrifice, mother. Just think of her strength of mind to all this."

Mrs. Gardner said nothing. The clock struck nine. Fifteen minutes after it had struck ten, she said: "Why didn't you tell me this before, dad?" He did not answer.

The following evening Mrs. Gardner went into her husband's study. "Has Evelyn gone?"

"Yes, Marg. came up for her."

Mrs. Gardner stood for several minutes. He seemed not to notice her presence. At length she said, "Dad, come go down with me. I want to ask Marg to help me get Evelyn ready to go day after to-morrow.

Evelyn's dad jumped to his feet. He was prepared. This was what he had been expecting for twelve days.

—Josephine Margaret Hagerty, -'19.

MY PROMISE

Dear Lord, if I were but a boy,
I would enlist at once and fight
For Liberty. Oh what a joy
To give my life for Thee and Right!

My hand, O God, I shall not give
To one who has not taken a part
In this great war that Freedom live;
A soldier, Lord, shall have my heart.

—Iva Jean Romine, '19.

THE LYCEUM COURSE

On November 22, America's greatest humorist appeared at the Grand Theater as an extra number of the Lyceum Course. Irvin S. Cobb sailed for Europe in January to make a personal visit to the fighting front in France and Flanders, reporting war conditions for the "Saturday Evening Post." His lecture, "My Recent Experience on the Fighting Front in France and Flanders," was given as he writes, in plain understandable English, with a presentation of facts in a humor distinctively his own.

The students of F. S. N. S. and citizens of Fairmont considered it a treat to hear such a lecture, thus accounting for the large crowd present.

The first regular number of the course was a lecture by Hon. George R. Lunn, on December 2nd. Mr. Lunn is a member of Congress from the Thirtieth New York District. He spoke on a very timely subject: "Democracy on Trial." If the Lyceum Bureaus had searched the halls of Congress, no speaker could have brought to the discussion of that subject a more comprehensive knowledge of all that Democracy means, and a finer ability to interpret the needs of this critical hour to his hearers.

A very pleasing number of the course was given at the Grand on December 7th, by the Tschaikowsky Quartet and Miss Elizabeth Wood. The men who compose this quartet are the disciples of Tschaikowsky, one of greatest Russian composers. It is a party of cultured gentlemen, born, reared and educated in the centers of musical art, and who follow music as an art, and not as a trade. Miss Elizabeth Wood, the colortura soprano, is a charming southerner who has won a high place musically thru sheer pluck and remarkable talent. Thru her culture and personal charms and beautiful songs, she won the praise of the audience. This entertainment of violin, piano, and vocal solos of the greatest musicians, received the applause of those who love real music.

The number given Friday evening, January 31st, at the Grand, was a most remarkable one. Burnell R. Ford, "the electrical wizard," gave a lecture explaining his experiments, which was entertaining as well as educational. Mr. Ford created a lightning storm on the platform, operated a trolley car by wireless, gave a demonstration of eletrical welding thru two human bodies, and many other experiments just as wonderful. Those in the audience felt that the evening was spent in a well-worthwhile manner.

On February 14th, Signor Castelluci and his seven Neopolitan musicians appeared at the Grand. Signor Castelluci was educated at the famous International School of Rome. He wrote a successful three-act opera when he was fourteen years of age. He has played for the King of Italy, Victor Emanual, at the Quirinal Roma. When Signor Castelluci arranged the program he must have thot, variety is the spice of life, for this was carried out. Aside from the usual concert numbers, there were vocal solos, violin numbers, impersonations of leading band masters and several numbers on "sweet potatoes." The music ranged from the celebrated operas to the latest popular airs, patriotic songs and marches. Those in the audience who did not enjoy this number might be well termed "cranks," for the music would be hard to surpass.

The next number of the Lyceum Course was another extra, Hon. William H. Taft, former President of the United States, appeared at the Grand on March 7th. His address on the "League of Nations" was very interesting as well as educational and proved to be one of the best events of the year.

The appearance of the Orpheus Four at the Grand on April 10th, was looked forward to by all. The students of F. S. N. S. spoke of their eagerness to hear the male quartet, thus accounting for the large crowd present at the number. The program was a variety of concert numbers, popular Hawaiian music and American ragtime. The solos of each member of the company were especially enjoyed. The majority of the audience spoke of this number as the most enjoyable of any musical ever attended.

The last, but not the least of the Lyceum Course numbers was a lecture by Mark Sullivan, editor of Collier's Weekly. Mr. Sullivan has international standing as an editor. In all his writings he evidences the possession of unusual gifts of phrasing, stating facts in a minimum of words and with a maximum clearness. His lecture may be compared to his writings,—to the point. His lecture dealt with Current Events and more particularly with the Peace Conference and League of Nations. Mr. Sullivan cleared up in the minds of the audience some of the points that had heretofore been hazy. We cannot say that the lecture was educational alone, but also interesting and entertaining.

The students of F. S. N. S. have appreciated these advantages of hearing the world's greatest lecturers and musicians. In days to come when we are reminiscing we shall look back to the time spent and enjoyed at the numbers of the Lyceum Course of the F. S. N. S.

As yet complete arrangements have not been made for the lecture course next year, but it has been announced that the Zoellner Quartet, and Francis Ingram will appear. The students who attend the Normal next year may expect to have a rare treat that those who graduate this year cannot enjoy.

SPRING EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AND STATE COUNCIL OF ENGLISH TEACHERS, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL

An educational conference was held at the Normal School on May 2nd and 3rd. Invitations were extended to superintendents and principals of schools in the northern part of the state. A session of the West Virginia Council of English teachers was held in conjunction with the conference. There was a representative attendance of principals and superintendents, as well as a fine delegation of English teachers.

The principal speakers before the educational conference were President D. B. Waldo, of the Western State Normal School, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Dean W. G. Chambers, of the College of Education of the University of Pittsburgh. The special speakers before the English Council were Dr. H. R. Driggs, of the University of Utah, and Professor J. M. Grainger, of the State Normal School of Farmville, Virginia.

The main subject for discussion by the educational conference was the recruiting of the ranks of teaching, and plans for meeting the new standards for supervision and teaching of the School Code recently passed by the State Legislature. State Superintendent M. P. Shawkey, and the members of the State Board of Regents, attended the meeting. It was pronounced one of the most successful and profitable educational meetings of the year by those who were in attendance. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that such an educational conference should be made a regular part of the Normal School program.

THE BARNES INDIVIDUAL TALENT CLUB

Early in December the Junior English class organized a new club. As the Literary Societies were discontinued this year, owing to the small attendance, the need was felt for a club or society.

The purpose of this club is to discover and develop individual talent. Mr. Barnes being the teacher the club was named for him—Barnes Individual Talent Club.

The programs consist of musical numbers, both vocal and instrumental, readings, stories, stunts, etc. If a person is talented in performing tricks, or stunts she has the chance to demonstrate her ability.

The meetings are held at the homes of the members, the first and third Thursdays. After the program has been rendered, a social hour is spent, during which refreshments are served by the hostesses, these being two of the members.

During this year only members of the Junior Class belong, but next year membership will be extended to all members of the Standard Normal Classes.

This club has been a great success this year and is one of the best organizations in the school.

PERSONALS

Mr. Rosier spent the first week of June delivering commencement addresses at various high schools in the southern part of the state.

Miss Harriet Schroeder, of the vocal music department, spent a week with friends in Frederick, Md.

Several members of the Normal School Faculty have been assisting in commencement exercises at the schools of surrounding counties.

(This was found in a German soldier's letter to Gretchen, his swetheart).

Fe-fi-fo-fan
I smell the blood of an American.
And let me tell you, Gretchen dear,
I wish I were a thousand miles from here.
—I. J. R., '19.

Mr. Barnes: Expression reveals one's own self.

Ethel (aside to Mary): The new skirts can be called "expression" can't they?

Mary H.: Say, Emma, do you know how much it takes to have rubber soles put on your heels?

Mr. McGinnnis: Mr. Clelland, I wish you would line the west tennis court today.

Mr. C.: Do you mean the lower one?

Mr.McG.: No, they're both on the same level, I want the west one lined. By the way, does the sun ever rise in the west?

Mr. C.: Not that I ever heard of.

Mr. Mc.: Well, do you know, they tell me it rises every morning in California.

Ida Smith (in Principles of Ed. Class): Mr. White, did you know they had a new electric "spanker" at the White School?

Mr. Rosier, (in School Supervision): As a rule normal graduates are not so senitive to criticism as other teachers. I wonder why this is?

Class: Because we are used to it.

(Short Course Class on way to visit at Barracksville). Ethel Heston: I wonder how far we shall have to walk after we get off the car?

Lenore Berry: Oh, the school building is right on the car track.

Ethel: I hope they move it before the car gets there.

Mr. White: They way most teachers supervise playground work is to go to the door and look out the window.

Jessie Church to Marie Frum: I haven't a thought upon this subject, so you might as well go in as me.

Marie: Thank you.

Kate Leaman, teaching a class: Will that girl please bring me the blue book with the pink waist on?

Mr. Welch, (speaking of "Allesandro"): He was that boy with flowing locks.

Miss Briggs, in a puzzled manner: Is there a student in school named Welch? Well, what sort of a looking boy is he?

Mr. McGinnis (illustrating tact by telling the story of a young man who successfully took a drunken man off the diamond at a ball game):

"I don't know what he said to the drunken man, but it is evident he used tact."

Glayds Bennett: "More than likely he said let's have another drink."

Mr. White: "How should the text book be used?"

Mearle Preston: "Dust it carefully once a week."

SOLDIERS' RECORD

Name	Branch of Service	Rank	Time in Service
*David S. Allen, Fairmont	Naval Reserves	Seaman	8 months
*Curt Amos, '08, Fairmont	Medical Supply	1st Sergt.	15 months
Ivanhoe Arnett, '14, Rivesville	Inf. Machine Gun	1st Lieut.	Still in service
*Paul Amos, '14, Fairmont	Naval Artillery	1st Class	18 months
*Homer Barnes, '14, Fairmont	Infantry	Captain	13 months
Creed Bolyard, '16, Fairmont	Inf. Machine Co.	2nd Lieut.	2 years, 11 months
Dunlap Brady, Fairmont	Engineers	Privt.	3 months
Dillon P. Baughman, '14	Field Artillery	1st Lieut.	
Carl Carter, '11, Catawba	Field Artillery	2nd Lieut.	16 months
*Lorain Burgreen, Watson	Navy	Seaman	Still in service
*C. L. Chambers, Smithfield	State Troops	2nd Lieut.	Still in service
*Earl Clancy, Smithfield	Field Hospital	Sergt.	Still in service
Leslie Cook, '17	Marines	Corpl.	Still in service
*Wm. N. Crowl, '12, Fairmont	Dental Reserves	Captain	Still in service
Chester Cunningham, Wyatt	Infantry	Corpl.	7 months
*Arlie Cunningham, '16, Shinnston	Machine Gun Bat.	Privt.	9 months
*W. P. Crickard, Valley Head	Army	Privt.	Still Overseas
Chas. Conway, Morgantown	Marines	Corpl.	21 months
J. H. Colebank, Grafton	Artillery	Privt.	6 months
*Holland Davis, Fullman	Army	Privt.	1 year
*Zachary Davis, '16, Fairmont	Engineers	Corpl.	Still in service
Glenn Douglas, Phillippi	Nav. Reserve Forces	Yoeman	6 months
Paul Donham, '18, Fairmont	Army	Privt.	3 months
*Guy Douglas, Phillippi	Hospital Corps	Privt.	Still in service
*Jasper Dunn, Morgantown	Navy	Privt.	1 year
Earl Fear, '18, Fairmont	Army	Privt.	6 months
George A. Federer, '15	S. A. T. C.	Privt.	3 months
*Olin Fear, '16, Fairmont	Hospital Corps	Top. Sergt.	Still in service
*Greenleaf Federer, '15	Army	Privt.	Still in service
Arthur Fisher, N. Y.	Coast Artillery	Sergt.	Still in service
Frank Freeman	Medical Detachment	Sergt.	15 months
*L. C. Furbee, '16	Nav. Aviation	Petty Officer	18 months
Lindsay Frame, Fairmont	Gunner Mate	Seaman	20 months
George Gragg, '17	Radio	Sergt.	6 months
Louis Giffin	Army	Corpl.	4 months
*Forrest G. Hall, '13, Hinton	Coast Artillery	2nd Lieut.	1 year
Harry Hart, '11	Heavy Artillery	2nd Lieut.	1 year
*Earl Hartley, Fairmont	Engineers	Privt.	2 years
*Jos. Hartley, Fairmont	National Guards	Sergt. Maj.	Still in service
Howard Hawkins, Fairmont	Army	Lieut.	15 months
Robert Hawkins, Hoult	Army	Sergt.	15 months
*Edwin Hamilton, Grantville	Army	Privt.	1 year
Wester Heavener, Monterville	Navy	Privt.	1 year
Geo. Hill, Fairmont	Army	Privt.	1 months
Aubrey Hildreth, '13 Mannington	Field Artillery	1st Lieut.	15 months
*Wm. Hughes, '15, Farmington	Signal Corps	Privt.	Army of Occupation
Clyde Hughes, Farmington	Marines	Privt.	1 year
*Frank Ice, '14	Infantry	Sergt.	13 months
Geo. Irvin, Fairmont	Artillery	Corpl.	7 months

Name	Branch of Service	Rank	Time in Service
Guy Kuhn, '17, Farmington	Nav. Sec. Sergt.	Sergt.	7 months
Beryll Lambert, Valley Falls	Army	Privt.	18 months
F. L. Lemley, Burton	Infantry	Lieut.	18 months
*J. Herbert Lively, '17, Fairmont	Navy		Still in service
*Marshall, '13, Granville	Army	Privt.	1 year
*Lloyd McKinley, Harrison county	Army	Sergt.	Still in service
Walter McIntyre, Fairmont	Army	Privt.	3 months
Harry J. Morris, Fairmont	Medical Dept.	Privt.	12 months
U. B. Painter, Valley Head	Ordinance Dept.	Privt.	Still in service
Leo Patterson, '17	Machine Gun	Privt.	8 months
Frank Payne, '16, Phillippi	Aviation	Flying Cadet	1 year
*John Reed, Fairmont	Radio		1 year
*Everrett Rush, Glovers Gap	Navy	Seaman	Still in service
Victor Shaw, Fairmont	Artillery	2nd Lieut.	5 months
Leo Salvatl, '18, Monongah	Navy		6 months
Leo Shircliff, '14, Fairmont	Gas Dept., Army	1st Lieut.	18 months
Lloyd Shriver, Coffman	Army	Privt.	3 months
*Oliver Shurtleff, '08	Y. M. C. A.	Qt. Mas.	Still in service
*Robert Smith, '14, Fairmont	Army	Corpl.	13 months
Myron Spielman, '16, Bruceton Mills	Nav. Aviator	Machinist Mate	Still in service
Ross Slidel, New Martinsville	Navy	Private	1 year
Ralph Snider, '17, Watson	Army Res. Corps	Corpl.	Still in service
Chas. D. Snider	Infantry	Privt.	3 months
Russell Sturm, '17, Fairmont	Navy	Hospital Corps	1 year
*Byron Tennant, '12, Rivesville	Marines	Privt.	Still in service
*Homer Toothman, '10, Fairmont	Coast Artillery	2nd Lieut.	5 months
Geo. Tucker, Fairmont	Army	Privt.	3 months
Dennis Vaughn	Army	Privt.	3 months
Herchel Wade, '17, Fairmont	Infantry	2nd Lieut.	2 months
Porter Ware, Belington	Field Artillery	Privt.	18 months
Robert Watkins, Hoult	Field Artillery	2nd Lieut.	18 months
Ralph Watkins, Fairmont	Air Service	Cadet	9 months
Harry Watkins, Monongah	Army	Privt.	4 months
Robt. O. Watkins, Hoult	Artillery	2nd Lieut.	16 months
O. A. Watson	Infantry	1st Lieut.	21 months

The * by the name indicates those who have been overseas.

The following members of our Alumni are known to have been in the service also, but we do not have the data:

Clifford Bell, '11; Edmund Conoway, '11; Lloyd Moore, '12; Alvin Reed Morrow, '12; Roy Nelson, '12; Wm. Stanhagan, '12; E. B. Whaley, '12; Paul Watkins, '14; Tom Lawlis, '14; B. A. Lovett, '16; O. D. Shaffer, '15; Harry Stewart, '15; Paul Thompson, '15; L. C. Cornwell, '16; Hobert Spencer, '17; Earl Hayhurst, '18.

Fairmont Normal Lecture Course

Fairmont Normal School has the habit of doing big things, and it is going to keep it up.

One of the many big things for next year is the Lecture Course Entertainments, which includes the following:

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